Every Time He Pulls Me Near by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

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"Music sucks, but it's better now that you're here."
"Oh yeah?" Steve smiles at him, despite the line.
"Yeah," Billy murmurs, running a careful finger down Steve's chest. Steve bites his lip. He knows where this is going. "Missed you."

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Author's Note:

> So I've been obsessed with this pairing since binging season two and have been waiting for inspiration to strike. Finally! I'm excited to contribute. I hope you enjoy happy boys having a good time, because I've definitely been needing some fluff.
>
> The song referenced in the fic is Let's Hear It For The Boy and the title has been borrowed from the same.
>
> The drill: unbeta'd, con-crit/comments/kudos most welcome :)

By the time Steve rolls up to the party, Billy's drunk. But not the sloppy kind of drunk he used to get back in the day of keg stands, too many shots, and passing out in a puddle of his own puke. He's pleasantly drunk. Buzzed. His face appears open and relaxed with the pink flush of his cheeks and the way his blue eyes seem to sparkle. He looks...happy. And that makes Steve happy.

Steve shakes his head as Billy polishes off a beer and crushes the can against his forehead. Old habits die hard. Billy lights up the moment he spots Steve across the room. He makes his way through the sweaty, sticky throngs of inebriated teenagers swaying their bodies to the musical stylings of Deniece Williams, "Hey, Pretty Boy!"

Steve holds his beer out of harm's way, rolling his eyes as Billy tumbles into him, "Hargrove, " he acknowledges.

Billy pouts at him, "Aww, c'mon. I think we're past that, aren't we?"

And yeah, they're definitely past that. But Steve doesn't really feel the need to advertise that to an entire party full of people they both hate.

"How's the party?" he asks, taking a sip of his drink. Billy licks his lips, looks him up and down.

"Music sucks, but it's better now that you're here."

"Oh yeah?" Steve smiles at him, despite the line.

"Yeah," Billy murmurs, running a careful finger down Steve's chest. Steve bites his lip. He knows where this is going. "Missed you."

"You saw me at school today, dickhead."

"Shut up," Billy snorts, no heat in his words. For the first time this evening Steve takes in Billy's appearance. His blond curls are styled to perfection and the earring that twinkles in the dim light of the living room is one that Steve bought for him. His shirt is dark blue, tucked into sinfully tight jeans and unbuttoned to his navel. He looks good. Really good. And he smells good too, beneath the beer and cigarette smoke. If Steve didn't know any better he'd think Billy was trying to impress him.

Steve smiles and lets himself lean in, just a little, "I missed you, too."

Billy's eyes have zeroed in somewhere south of Steve's belt buckle and he feels himself blush under the intensity of Billy's gaze. Billy's head snaps up. "I gotta piss," he says suddenly. He makes it a few steps away before he realizes Steve hasn't moved, "You coming, *Steven*?"

And that is. That is fighting dirty, is what that is. Billy only calls him by his full name when he really wants something. They make it into the bathroom without drawing attention to themselves and then Billy is throwing himself at Steve. Steve's head hits the door with a thunk and he barely manages to set his beer on the counter before Billy starts sucking kisses into the column of his throat, "Oh fuck! I thought, Billy," Steve moans as Billy's teeth find his collar bone, "I thought you had to piss?"

Billy pulls back, knocks his forehead against Steve's, "Oh my god, you're such a fucking idiot. Does it feel like a need to piss right now?" he asks, placing Steve's hand over his fully hard cock.

And really, Steve could go on and explain that yes, it is totally possible to need to piss and have an erection at the same time, but when he opens his mouth all that comes out is a really embarrassing whine. Billy's kissing his way down Steve's chest as he works Steve's

belt open, "I wanna suck you."

"Jesus Christ," Steve's swears, fingers tangling in Billy's stupid, sexy mullet. Billy growls and nips at Steve's belly in response. If there's one thing Steve has learned about Billy Hargrove it's that Billy really loves having his hair pulled. Billy drops to his knees and fucking nuzzles into Steve's groin.

"Mmm, you smell good. Wanna taste you," he says as he pulls out Steve's cock. And this is Steve's favorite part. The way Billy looks up at him, somewhere between mischievous and worshipful as he laps the precome from Steve's slit before swallowing him down.

"Fuck!" Steve shouts when he feels his cock hit the back of Billy's throat. One of Billy's hands flies up, fingers pressing urgently against Steve's lips to quiet him. Steve sucks three of Billy's fingers into his mouth, watches Billy hollow his cheeks as he draws back before sucking him down again. It sounds wet and filthy. He can hear every slurp and gag and swallow. Billy's eyes are wet, his long lashes beginning to stick together; his cheeks are flushed a dark pink as drool runs down his chin, and he's making the most sweet, desperate, hungry sounds around Steve's dick. Steve fists Billy's hair hard, holds his head in place as he fucks his cock in and out of Billy's throat and Billy lets him.

"Mmmhmm," Billy moans and the vibrations feel so fucking good around Steve's cock. Billy's squeezing his own cock through his jeans and Steve can see the whole hard length of him straining against the fabric. Steve bites at Billy's fingers, pulls them loose with his free hand.

"Aww, fuck. Billy, I'm gonna come," he whispers harshly.

"Mmmhmm," Billy moans again. His teary eyes find Steve's and the challenge is there, *fucking do it*, and then Steve is pulsing into Billy's hot, wet mouth and down his throat. Billy swallows until Steve has nothing left to give. Billy releases Steve's cock gently, noses into Steve's hip as Steve cradles his head in his hands. "God, Steve," he whimpers as he humps his own hand.

"Fuck, baby. Look at you," Steve says softly as he strokes and tugs at

Billy's curls. He can feel Billy's hot breath against his skin as he pants openly.

"Ohhh, fuck. *Fuck*!" Billy grinds out as he comes, hips thrusting as spunk soaks through the leg of his jeans. Billy takes a moment to compose himself before pressing a kiss to Steve's hipbone. He stands slowly, on trembling legs. Steve's hands find Billy's waist and pull him in close. When their lips meet it's deep and unhurried. Steve's tongue finds Billy's, tangling and stroking. He can taste himself on Billy's tongue and it makes him moan. He breaks the kiss with a wet sound.

"You taste like me."

Billy grins, "Yeah, I do. You like that, Pretty Boy?"

Steve nips at the shell of Billy's ear, "You know I do."

Billy pushes at Steve's chest playfully, takes a step back, watches Steve tuck himself away and put himself back together. Steve shakes his head with a laugh as he takes in the sight before him, "You got jizz all over your pants, you know. Not exactly discreet."

Billy stares at Steve for a moment before swiping his beer off the bathroom counter and pouring it down his front. Steve watches incredulously as the lukewarm liquid soaks through the bottom of Billy's shirt and down his pants, successfully camouflaging the come stain, "There. Problem solved."

"Problem solved!?" Steve repeats stupidly as Billy shoves him out of the way, making a show of throwing the bathroom door open.

"Harrington, you clumsy bitch! Now I gotta go home and change!" he hollers as he steps into the hallway, throwing Steve an exaggerated wink. At a loss, Steve stands in the doorway, hands on his hips. Billy tosses his hair, earring swaying as he mouths the words *your place, twenty* before disappearing back into the crowd.

Steve smiles to himself. Alright, he thinks, twenty it is.